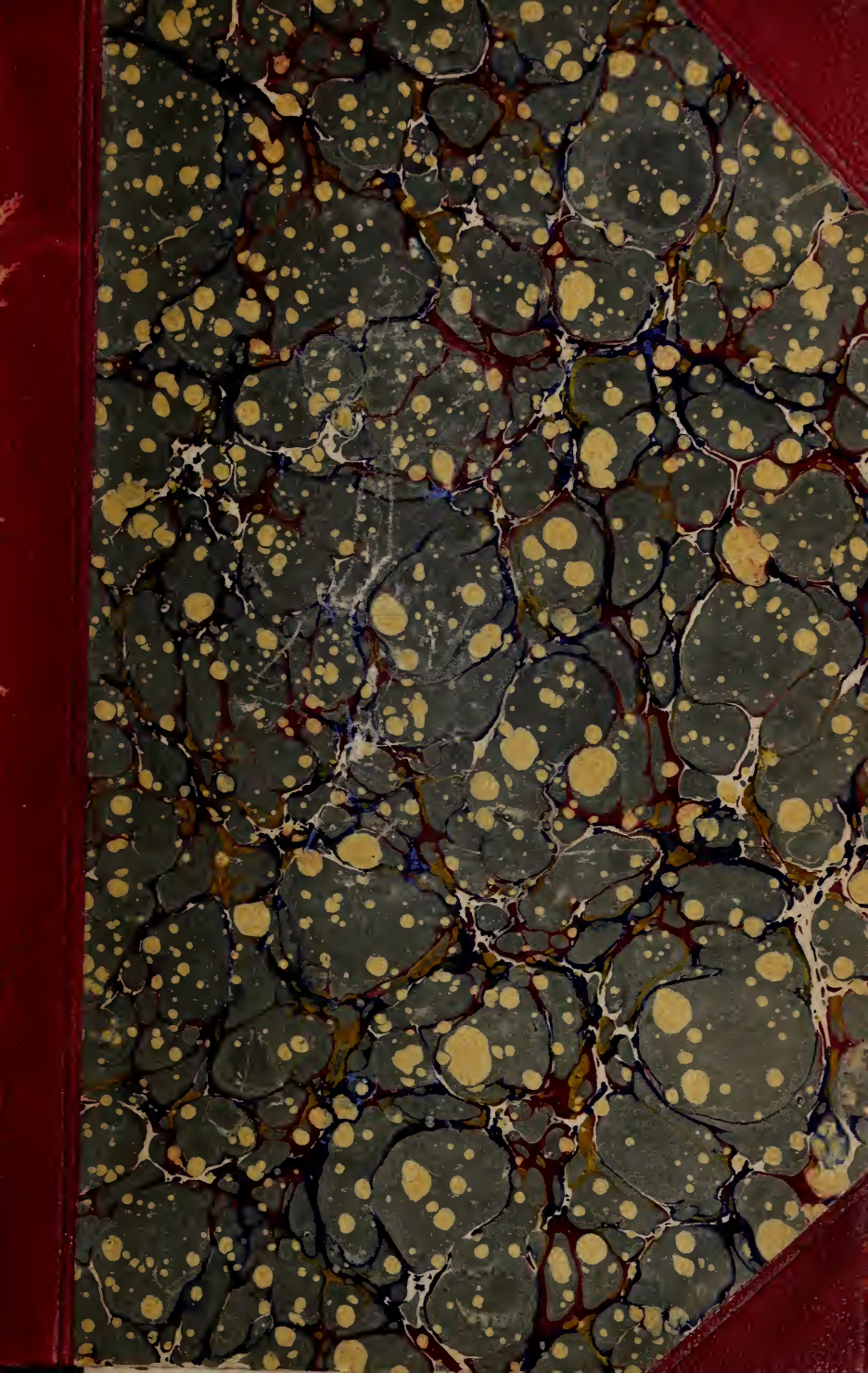

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Woman's Work for Woman.

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Persia.

PRAYER IN PERSIA.

October and Persia! The prayer month! Persia seems to me in a peculiar sense itself a prayer land. If quantity were the efficient element in prayer, the prince of the land of Persia would thereby certainly prevail. It is pathetic to think of the amount of prayer, the whole creation groaning and travailing together in a continuous appeal to God. Will not the cry of the oppressed for deliverance enter into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth? will He not teach them how to pray in the all-prevalent name, and answer and deliver them?

Every act is a prayer. Doubtless it is really profane, for, strictly judged, such thoughtless prayers take the holy name in vain with every breath; but it is full of pathos and expresses sense of need. Every time the workman moves his *nera*, the one universal tool, the spade used for cultivating the ground and for "turning the rivers of water," with every stroke the *paula* calls out, *ya Allah* (O God) or *b' Allah* (in God). Every time the *hummals* (bearers of any burden) take up or put down their loads, it is in the name of God. The donkey drivers even beat their donkeys in this all-prevalent name; they breathe it out with every breath. And little children, in their plays, throw up and catch their marbles,

sail their kites and tend their dolls in the name of the great source of strength. Impressively, five times a day, the *muezzins*, from the flat roofs of the mud mosques, call the faithful to prayer in the name of God the merciful. "God is our God, and Mohammed is his prophet."

One entire month of every year is given to fasting and prayer, when the whole nation suffer greatly for food and drink. If this *Moharrem* falls in the mid summer, the cannon sounds with the *muezzins'* morning and evening call, and from sunrise to sunset no food or drink must pass any Moslem's lips. The pitiless sun beats down, and the sons of toil have no reprieve from labor; but they must not eat nor drink one particle the whole day long till the sunset gun. The rich can feast all night, and they do suffer by these special feasts and midnight carousals, turning night into day and day into night; but laborers and invalids are cruelly oppressed, and doubtless many die.

Not only impressive sounds of supplication fill the air, but we have *tableaux vivants* also. See that venerable man by the roadside. Your *beau-ideal* of Abraham or Melchisedec! How reverent and solemn is every motion—the very soul of worship! He finds a stream of running water, or possibly a corner in the bazaar, or the divan of the caravansary, or maybe the centre of his own reception room where visitors are coming and going, a public place; he unrolls his prayer rug and spreads it down, and kneels for ablution, and prays, facing Mecca, rises, stands, clasps his hands, or presses them on his forehead, or spreads them towards heaven, prostrates himself face to the earth, rises, stands, kneels over and over again, all in the name of Allah the merciful. You are at first profoundly impressed by the show of reverence, but you will soon see his thoughts are far away. He can stop in the very midst for trivial remarks or an oath, or to see if he is well observed; and you remember the words of the Saviour who saw into the heart, and denounced prayer-closets in the corners of the streets, and long petitions to be seen of men.

But bad things, transformed by the divine alchemy, become exceedingly good, and this prayer talent sanctified is beautiful and precious. The converts in Persia have the gift of prayer, the Nestorians wonderfully so.

I have always thought the language our Saviour spoke, the Syriac, has kept through all the ages the special sanctity or facility for religious expressions which he imparted, speaking through it "as never man spake." It is a religious language; easily and profoundly it expresses the great thoughts of God and appropriate petition, and we who have heard new-born babes in Christ speak as the Spirit gave them utterance have wondered at the revelations,

beholding so soon the pupil going beyond the teacher. It is one of the compensations of missionary labor, the returns, even in spiritual things, we thus receive. Converted heathen so soon become dear brethren and sisters in the Lord, and we take sweet counsel together, and receive even from their hands and from their lips that which the Master himself imparts to them, and among the most precious of all are the lessons which we, the missionaries, have learned from Persian converts, are lessons how to pray.

MRS. S. J. RHEA.

TABRIZ.

BY MISS G. Y. HOLLIDAY.

FOR the months of May and June we have the girls only as day scholars from eight to five. Our principal teacher is Haritoun, and he seems very ambitious, conscientious and painstaking. Most of the instruction is given in Armenian. Of course if we had a well-qualified woman we would not have a man to teach girls; but we cannot hope for such a one for years. We shall try to have one of the women sit in the schoolroom with him, so that there may be no handle for scandal in this hostile and gossiping community. Shushan of Oroomiah, the daughter of Oshana and Sarri, is our Nestorian teacher. She is about twenty-five, quite refined and speaks English nicely, which is a great help to me. She has been for three years in Miss Good's orphanage, and those ladies were very fond of her. We hope she will exert a decided Christian influence on the girls. She has not mastered the Turkish yet, but will study diligently and will soon get it. We have thirteen scholars in our primary or kindergarten department, which Mrs. Holmes will oversee. We plan the work together for a week at a time. At present the scholars only have two hours and a half in the morning, but we hope next year to have them two hours in the morning and two in the afternoon. Under Mrs. Holmes' supervision are Hatoon, Kasha Mosha's daughter, whose letter perhaps you remember last fall, and Mariam, Hariton's young wife. Hatoon has been teaching some months; Mariam has just begun. We have them partly for the sake of training them as teachers, partly because three nationalities (or four if we count Mary Holmes, who likes to come) require a good deal of separate instruction. We have three Nestorian girls, one Turkish and the rest Armenian, and each must learn to read in her own language. As the primary department has not yet been made a part of the school, Mrs. Holmes and the Doctor and myself pay the salaries, etc. We use some kindergarten methods, but it is not one pure and simple, but an adapted plan. Besides these teachers we have

Miss Jewett, who takes one of Miss Clark's English classes, and a Turkish *mirza*, who hears the Turkish classes till Shushan shall be able to take them.

But you may ask, What are you doing in the meantime? Sundry and various things, among which the "power of the keys" plays no small part. Immediately after breakfast the matron comes to me and we go down into the large store-room, which I unlock. Here are about thirty jars, large and small, some holding cheese, some cracked wheat, others pickled celery, dried tomatoes, various kinds of peas, beans, etc. Here is also the charcoal bin, the potato heap, the large coal-oil jars, and the great hollow square of thin, brittle, brown native bread piled in the middle of the room. Some bags also hang on the wall containing various eatables. Here too are the soap and candles. She takes out what she needs for the day's provision, and tells me what Alascar is to buy. He then comes to me for his orders, which I make a memorandum of in a little book. Last week he laid in the year's supply of charcoal; to-day he is consulting about soap, and he says soon the milk for the cheese must be bought. At eight o'clock the girls come into the parlor and sing Armenian hymns for half an hour, then go to the schoolroom for prayers; Haritoun conducts prayers Monday, Tuesday and Friday, Miss Jewett Wednesday, and Shamashi Shimuel, the Nestorian licentiate, on Thursday. They last half an hour. Then I give Haritoun's Mariam an English lesson, and after that am in and out of both schools all morning. The little children are very attractive, and it is so pleasant to show the teachers how to teach. Mrs. Holmes and I hope to have a training class for them and instruct them more perfectly in methods and principles of teaching. When I can get time from these younger ones I slip up stairs, and try by listening to Haritoun's classes to "get my ear hung," as they say here, to the Armenian, for I am very slow at it. I can talk a little, but do not understand yet what they say to me. I am very glad indeed to have taken Armenian first, though it is a temporary inconvenience; it is so much the harder of the two languages that I do not think I ever should learn it after knowing Turkish. The temptation would be too great to use Turkish entirely. The Armenians are much pleased that I am learning their language first.

After lunch comes Alascar to settle accounts. Once a month he brings a supply of money and we count heaps of it together. This scrappy Russian silver money—how it puzzled me at first to turn it into Persian currency! but its difficulties are vanishing day by day. At half-past twelve comes my young Armenian teacher and stays till nearly two. After that I rest a little. To-day I gave the first music lesson, and expect to give three a week. Then comes the

study of the next day's lesson, two or three hours, sometimes interrupted by visitors. To-day we had one, a *mullah*, who has been here before and whose house we have visited. He was very friendly and asked many questions. We gave him some picture cards and a flower in a pot. I look on it as doomed to an early grave, as it is doubtful if he knows how to take care of it. We are near a garden, and the beauty of the blossoming almond trees this spring was something indescribable. Our own trees and flowers are doing well.

About three Sundays ago a *mullah* came to church who is a head *lootie* here. The *looties* are a compound of hoodlum, thief, blackmailer and everything bad. The next Wednesday he went to see Mr. Wright and said the *Mooshtaheed* had sent him as a spy to our meetings, but he had been converted by what he heard there, and wished to become a Christian. He hinted very strongly at money, but Mr. Wright turned a deaf ear. In a day or two he sent a point-blank demand for a hundred *tomans*. Yesterday was our communion, and he came to Mr. Wright's in the morning, and sent word that if a Mussulman was at church that day either he or they would die, and the building be torn down by night. As we are under the protection of the French consul, Mr. Wright appealed to him and he promised to have the man punished. In the meantime he advised that the Mussulmans stay at home for the present, as this man is backed by the *Mooshtaheed*, and is the head of a gang of *looties*. In the excited state of popular feeling it would be easy to raise a mob that would sack all the Armenian quarter. We live as over a powder mine. I have no doubt that there are elements of fanaticism and lawlessness in this city sufficient to destroy us twenty times over; but we live in peace, for God will not allow a hair of our heads to be harmed. The little church here is truly as sheep among wolves. They are timid as sheep too. I often wonder how our American Christians would act under similar circumstances. Pray for them that they may not deny Christ in word or act if tempted to do so. Last week the helpers came in from Khoi. The old Armenians had raised a persecution against them among the Mussulmans and driven them out. The Armenians act as the Jews used to in Paul's day, stirring up the Mussulmans against the Christians as the Jews excited the Romans against him.

Our household moves on pleasantly. We are teaching Abdullah to cook. He is a great comfort to us; handy, clean, ambitious and very good natured. You should have seen the pride with which he presented us with a beautifully-baked waffle for breakfast, and the deep chagrin which overspread his countenance when he found he had forgotten the spinach for dinner. I believe he was as mor-

tified as I was yesterday, when after playing the congregation through a Turkish hymn, which they managed to get over, I learned I had played a common-metre tune to a long-metre hymn. I feel some respect for a people that could successfully sing through that problem, but I was not so much surprised, having heard some remarkable musical gymnastics since coming here.

REALITIES OF MISSIONARY LIFE.

BY MRS. S. J. RHEA.

During my life in Persia I was once invited to pay a visit to the harem of the crown prince. As our party approached the palace an order was given to "scare the men away." When told that we were not afraid of the men, the guards looked on in utter astonishment to see what manner of creatures we were. Their employment was to stand on picket duty day and night outside the walls surrounding the women's apartments of the palace, or as they passed through the streets, to herald their coming and "scare away the men."

This seclusion of Oriental women is one of the greatest obstacles in the way of the missionary. The women must be reached in their own homes. The difficulty is to obtain an entrance there. All Orientals are excessively polite, and unwarrantable intrusion would be no more pardoned among them than in America. Some sort of an introduction must be the prelude to every visit, demanding unceasing watchfulness on the part of the missionary, lest some favorable opportunity for making an acquaintance be let slip. The afternoon set aside for letter-writing, the half hour in which was to have been given to a peep into a new magazine, or the ride that would have yielded recreation as well as needed exercise, must be given up if a chance occurs for gaining another woman's ear or heart. Not only must the door always be on the latch in the mission home, but invitations must be accepted that mean sitting on the floor for hours listening, with an aching head possibly, to an excruciating din called music, or perhaps waiting far into the night for the bridegroom to come; then during the feasts making twenty calls a day, drinking as many cups of tea and trying to make way with refreshments urged upon you in the shape of a heavy compound, shortened with mutton fat, smeared with saffron and denominated *delicate cake*. Then, when out, the almost hidden faces must be closely scanned, that no acquaintance purchased thus be lost through lack of recognition.

It is often stated that the harems and zenanas of the East are open only to woman, and she is urged to enter and proclaim the gospel to her sisters who are held there soul and body; but I think

few realize how our American manners are regarded by those who consider it immodest to unveil their faces in the presence of a man, or hold conversation with any man outside the members of their own families; and so it happens oftentimes that the missionary, instead of being hailed as a messenger of glad tidings, is looked upon with suspicion, and her morals questioned. Almost every pioneer has the humiliation of being obliged to establish her own reputation. Right here let me beg of you never to send your first missionary to any station without an associate. Though the work be doubled, one can carry it on alone far easier after this battle with prejudice and ignorance has been fought than before.

The Mohammedans teach that all unbelievers in Islam are infidels and dogs, and that hell is a place prepared especially for Christians; so in all Moslem lands those who bear the name of Christ are hated on principle, and this hatred must be disarmed by affectionate kindness and sympathetic interest in those with whom the missionary comes in contact. Much time must be spent in showing one's dress, explaining the mystery of household arrangements, exhibiting pictures or answering all manner of silly questions. In patiently answering these, one can display a consideration that attracts the heart, and when curiosity has been satisfied, the attention can be diverted to matters of greater importance with the heart in a receptive state.

The religious nature is strong in woman, hence in all false religions we find her more fanatical than man, more unapproachable, less easily convinced of truth, but on the other hand when once converted always more steadfast. I have known men to become renegade, but in my own experience I never knew a woman to apostatize. Women reared in the manner of the East usually have not the intelligence or information of an average American girl ten years of age, and are so unaccustomed to fix their minds upon any subject requiring attention or thought that all instruction must be of the simplest character and with the most wearisome repetition, line upon line and precept upon precept, over and over and over again, and even then much will be seed sown by the wayside. With the more intelligent, one is often at one's wit's end to know how to illustrate a truth or clinch an argument. Any appeal to common scientific truths, facts of history, of experience, of illustrious persons, is useless, for science, history and biography are all unknown, while on their part they will offer tales more absurd than those of the Arabian Nights as facts not to be gainsaid. Their credulity leads them to believe and circulate the most ridiculous statements in regard to our motives and practices, such as that if intrigued within our walls they will be obliged to perform acts most offensive to their own deity, that writing is connected with

incantation, and that people are made Christians by machinery, for which Americans are famous. A missionary once told me an amusing anecdote of a woman who called upon her, and on being invited to sit down chose a rocking chair, but got into it feet and all, then attempting to sit down as if on the floor of course the chair pitched forward and she fell headlong. She bounded up with a terrific scream, thinking she had been thrown by a monster, and seeing it swaying back and forth, concluded it to be a machine for making Christians, and rushed from the room. Neither explanations nor persuasions would induce her to re-enter.

The lack of form in the Christian religion is something difficult to be understood by those who have such faint perceptions of spiritual things, who are without even an ideal of moral beauty and whose sensibilities are blunted by vicious habits and practices. Once a native in describing a missionary lady said, "She does not lie, she does not steal, she does not use bad words, but, poor thing, she has no religion." The firm belief of every illiterate nation in witchcraft, the evil eye, influence of spirits and kindred superstitions makes it difficult to dispel these illusions, and superstitious beliefs and practices are the bulwarks of heathenism. This superstition begets bondage to those in religious authority, whose intolerance of all free action in religious matters directly incites persecution. Confessing Christ involves Christian observances. These mark the convert and persecution follows, varying in degree from loss of employment and ostracism to death. Is it surprising that some have not the courage to take up such crosses? It is not so difficult to take the heroic stand which defies death, as it is to bear the daily anxiety and destitution arising from loss of friends and employment; and when you see professedly Christian men in this enlightened and prosperous land holding positions involving Sabbath labor, and arguing their right to do so for the sake of their families, do you wonder that where life is at the best a struggle for mere subsistence, some will set their families over against Christ? Human nature is much the same everywhere, and it is no more true that all heathen rejoice in persecution than that all Christians live a life of consecration.

One impediment to the rapid dissemination of the gospel is the general illiteracy of all unchristian nations, especially of their women. If they could only read, the written word could be scattered broadcast over the land; but it is a difficult matter to promulgate it by word of mouth. Exclusive habits prevent the women from going far from home, so only a small band will gather in any one place, therefore places of meeting must be multiplied and neighborhood gatherings established. Where locomotion is on horseback or by means of the wheelbarrow, palanquin or other

slow-moving vehicle, much time is consumed in going from place to place, to say nothing of fighting fleas, drying clothing and bedding which has fallen into some stream, and facing other inconveniences which are always met in uncivilized lands. So it will readily be seen that when the missionary has reached the limit of her time and strength she has not reached more than a mere fraction of those about her. Of course her resource is to open schools and devote a portion of her time to spreading elementary education and training native women to aid in carrying on the work. Here the greatest hindrance lies in the early marriages of the girls. Just as they are nicely started in their studies they are taken from the schools to be married, and while many go out to make Christian homes and rear better families than they could have done without their few years in school, the work of preparing teachers and Bible women goes on but slowly. The only solution of the problem of early marriages is a means of earning their own livelihood. The East does not offer many resources to women, but giving instruction in whatever can be made available must be added to the missionary's duties. In this as in school work she is largely without tools. Some missions have the whole Bible translated into the vernacular, but others have only a portion, which must be finished, while arithmetics, geographies, etc., must be made. Imagine yourself stripped of your "helps," tracts, papers and magazines in your Sabbath-school and other religious work, and a corresponding deficiency in school-books, and you will conceive the situation of the missionary in many stations struggling with a language inadequate to express her ideas. Oral teaching, translating books, zenana work, are none of them especially difficult in themselves, but it is the amount of time consumed in using such methods that makes progress slow.

(To be continued.)

MISSIONARY LADIES IN PERSIA.

REPRESENTING THE W. F. M. S.

Mrs. B. Labaree, Oroomiah.
Mrs. J. H. Shedd, "
Miss Anna Schenck, Teheran.
Mrs. J. L. Porter, Teheran.
Miss Cora A. Bartlett, "
Mrs. J. M. Oldfather.

REPRESENTING THE W. P. B. M. OF THE NORTHWEST.

Miss Mary Jewett, Tabriz.
Mrs. L. C. Van Hook, "
*Miss Mary A. Clark, "
Mrs. G. W. Holmes, "
Miss G. Y. Holliday, "
*Miss N. J. Dean, Oroomiah.
*Miss Agnes Carey, Oroomiah.
Mrs. J. M. Oldfather, "
Miss Marion S. Moore, "
Miss Sarah Bassett, Teheran.
Mrs. E. W. Alexander, Hamadan.

* In this country.

THE HOUSE OF ISLAM DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

It is well known that the Mohammedans of Persia are Shiites, while those of the Turkish empire and of Africa, and nineteen-twentieths of those of India, are of the Sunnite sect.

The division originated in the question of the caliphate The Sunnites justify the succession of Abu Bekr, who was the principal counsellor of Mohammed, and whose daughter, Ayesha, became Mohammed's favorite wife. The Shiites, on the other hand, declare Abu Bekr and those who succeeded him to have been usurpers, while they defend the rights of the descendants of Ali, who was the husband of Mohammed's daughter Fatima, and his nearest relative. His two sons, Hassan and Hosein, were therefore the direct descendants of Mohammed by his daughter, and so far as heredity is concerned were undoubtedly the true heirs to the Mohammedan power. The Sunnites, on the other hand, assert that Mohammed himself, in his dying hour, indicated his choice of Abu Bekr.

Ali, father of Hassan and Hosein, was the intrepid general of Mohammed, and has been called the Bayard of Islam. His military habit, however, was thought by some to disqualify him for the caliphate. Hosein was poisoned by Yezid, the son of Omiade; after which the surviving brother, while marching with seventy followers toward Damascus, was overcome and slain in a most brutal manner. The shock to the Mohammedan world, and especially to that portion which believed in the sacredness of Mohammed's descendants, was very great. The grandson and the oldest male descendant of the prophet had been brutally murdered for the purpose of securing his right to the caliphate. Indignation spread throughout the East; his followers organized themselves as a dissenting sect; and to-day his tomb at Kerbela is almost as much a goal of pilgrimages as that of Mohammed at Mecca.

The Sunnites also differ from the Shiites in the fact that they regard the Sunnah, which is a large collection of traditions, and the Koran, as of equal authority. From this they take their name; while the Mohammedans of Persia utterly reject all these traditions, and are the followers of the Koran alone. To this day the anniversary of Hosein's death is celebrated in Persia with the most grotesque, not to say solemn, ceremonies. Rev. S. J. Wilson, missionary of the Board at Tabriz, gives the following description of the scenes of which he was an eye-witness:

"A frequent exhibition during the early days is a procession of men and women marching in irregular mass through the streets and

bazaars. First, perhaps, will be men bearing the national banners and religious emblems, then bands of boys chanting the mournful tale of Hosein's death, followed by a man clashing cymbals. He is the leader of a squad of men, barefooted, and naked down to the waist. Some have large chains or cat-o'-nine-tails of iron, or leather tipped with steel, with which they lacerate their backs to the time of the music. Others use large clubs, while many pound themselves with their fists until their breasts and backs are black and blue with sores. Last will be a band of women weeping and wailing, taking the rear even in a line of mourners.

"Another scene, a type of many, finds us before the *Dewan Khana* or city hall, where we see a man lashing himself in fury and piercing his breast wildly with an awl. A *shashsdah*, or prince, is looking at the spectacle, and when the exhibition is over he presents the devotee with a costly cashmere shawl, thereby transferring the merit to himself—an index of the way the rich spend thousands of *tomans* during this time.

"These and similar scenes greet us until the 9th of the month, or *tâswâh*, when the bazaars are all closed, business is suspended, and the people prepare for the sorrowful anniversary. The following night is the season for the old, the rich and the prominent men to display their grief. They repair to the mosques with a full quota of candles for illumination. There they anoint their heads, faces and beards with black, filthy ointment, and bare their feet and breasts. A *moullah* takes the lead, staff in hand, and in irregular procession they begin the night-long lament. With singing of dirges and frantic intonations of the words '*Shah Hosein*,' they follow the *moullah*, who by his cry, '*Marhâwâ*' ('Bravo'), encourages them. Now and then he calls a halt, and all beat their breasts with cruel vigor.

"The dawn of the morning of the 10th, or *Ashura*, is the signal for the young men to begin to take their part. By this time their frenzy has been so wrought up that they are ready for the most inhuman and devilish work. They assemble at various mosques and other points in the different wards of the city. Those desirous of acquiring special merit, or who have been hired by the rich to acquire it for them, are clothed in long white robes reaching to the ground. These robes are also provided by the wealthy that they may share in the indulgence of heaven granted to the wearer. They are consecrated to the occasion, and are never afterward used except as gifts to the poor. Robed in these, their heads shaved after the custom of the country, they are ready for the bloody sacrifice, and bloody it is. Men with knives and swords go around and cut the crowns of the victims; the blood flows down in profusion over their white garments; wild excitement takes hold

of them; swords are placed in their hands; they start in procession through the streets, flashing their swords in the air, ever and anon gashing their heads and raising the now wild and frenzied cry, '*Shah Hosein! Shah Hosein!*'

"It is the custom for each division to march to the headquarters of the governor of its ward. As the large court of the *Golla Beya* is in full view from the roof of the English consulate, we took our positions there, determined to see to what extent of pagan savagery this would attain. All the surrounding flat roofs were covered by the eager crowd, and the centres of the court-yard were filled with women. Soon the sound of martial music becomes audible amid the din, and the procession comes in sight. First came a company with waving banners, some with the national symbols of the lion and the sun; on the staff of others were metallic designs of a hand, representing the protecting hand of Ali; on others, a small mirror, with steel plume capped by a ball. Next came a richly-caparisoned riderless horse, eloquent of the absence of the fallen Hosein, or perhaps with two spotless white doves perched upon the saddle, symbols of his purity and spiritual endowment, and representing the plumed messenger who, dipping his wings in the blood of the slain, carried the sad news to the sacred cities. Next followed a mounted company of children or babes, strapped to the horses, their heads bleeding and their garments red from the cruel sword-cuts. Perhaps the mother, who vowed to devote her child to the Holy Emauna, now watches it from the throng with eager solicitude, yet pious gratitude that now his soul will be sure of the gracious blessing. It was heartrending to see the helpless babes so horribly abused. Strange carefulness was that of the men who *gently* stroked their infant heads with the sharp sword. Either loss of blood had exhausted them, or the excitement had impressed them into silence, for they did not cry or give indication of alarm.

"Following these was a band with martial music, bringing into view the bloody corps, threescore strong, only one of one hundred such in the city. On they came in line, with a swaggering, half-sideways gait. There were not only men, but boys down to the age of twelve. Each with one hand grasped the belt or supported the elbow of the next, while with the other he brandished his bloody sword, every now and then bringing it down upon his own pate. The sight was revolting and sickening, while the unceasing and monotonous cry of '*Shah Hosein! Shah Hosein!*' like the shouts of the prophets of Baal, deafened the air. We almost felt as brutal to be gazing at it as the Roman ladies were, clapping their hands when the gladiator bit the dust in the arena.

"On they filed into the court-yard to exhibit themselves before the officials. Then we had time to see that even in this butchery

the angel of mercy was present. Many men kept pace behind with long sticks, with which to ward off the blows which might inflict mortal injury. Some there were, too, to bind up the wounds of the exhausted. Plenteous draughts of sherbet, or sugar-water, were brought to refresh them. But some had already gone too far, and they sank out of the line. Others fainted away and fell senseless. Some were fatally wounded, though the number each year is carefully concealed.

"So the bloody corps passed from view, to be succeeded by a corps beating themselves with clubs, then children covered with chaff, again men wailing with loud lamentations, and slinging dust and ashes into the air; then a band making music with castanets, and again a chain gang, lashing themselves as on the previous days, only intensified by the present furor, until again other blood-dyed robes and swords flashing in the sunlight dazed our eyes. So it continues until noon. So it is, not only in this ward, but in all the twenty-four wards of the city. So it is, with an intensified and compounded brutality, when all the corps from all the wards meet at the *Dewan Khana*, before the governor of the city. Sometimes, as they meet in the narrow streets, sword clashes sword, and deathly struggle ensues. But great precaution is now taken to avoid this. When thus the thousands of blood-stained devotees, with a numerous train of others, have passed in review before their ruler, the division disbands, and the great annual mourning for the martyrdom of Hosein ends.

"Such is the length to which Mohammedanism—the much-praised religion of the prophet—has developed; a length of barbarous fanaticism only surpassed by the grossest idolatries. It is but fair to say, however, that many of the prominent *Meyteheds* and *Mollahs* of the Shiites and some sects among them condemn the whole as a gross violation of the spirit and letter of the Koran, and regard it as a disgrace to Islam and an injurious excrescence. Its origin is traced to the wild Karabaghlis of the Caucasus, and from thence it has spread through northern Persia. The strong arm of the czar has now uprooted it in the place of its birth, but the consequent annual influx of devotees only renders it more violent here. Though the celebration of the *Tezieh* dates from the tenth century, it has only assumed an objectionable form within the present century, and many of the more cruel and bloody phases have been added within very recent years. The Ameer I-Nizam, the first and greatest prime minister of Nasir I-Din Shah, endeavored to repress it, but he found the fanaticism of the people too much for him. We can but hope that the mighty power of the gospel will in time be successful in extirpating this and all the iniquities which rule in this land."—*Foreign Missionary.*

Mrs. Shedd of Persia writes: "My husband in his visits to the various villages on the plains about us has been much encouraged by the faithful labors of some of his former pupils. Ismiel and Abraham, two young men, are preaching in old churches and studying early and late to prepare their sermons and Bible lessons, and in every way striving to become laborers who need not to be ashamed. In one village he found a single woman who loved Christ. Her husband is a drunkard, as are nearly all the men of the village. This poor woman has faithfully taught the women and children, and the fruits of her life are evident. Let us all pray for these lonely ones in the midst of such darkness as you can scarcely imagine. Drunkenness is a great hindrance here. In one village where Mr. Shedd visited this winter he found every man drunk, and every woman barefooted—the latter probably the natural consequence of the former."

AFRICA.

BY MISS M. L. HARDING.

The mother of the young man to whom one of my girls is betrothed is my guest at present, waiting for a boat from down the river to take her home. Although boats are constantly going up and down, travelling is difficult in this country on account of the heathenism of the people. Missionaries have no trouble, because they travel in their own boats, are rowed by their own crews and carry their own food or come provided to buy it. But if a native is dropped unceremoniously into a strange town and has no food of his own, he will be allowed to starve, even if there is a great abundance of food, before any one will attempt to give him any, simply because he is a stranger, and has no friend or relative in that town to give him welcome. Moreover stray people are picked up and made slaves of, though slavery is gradually being abolished under the influence of the gospel, and because it is against the laws of the French, who claim this part of the country as a colony. My guest is very pleasant and makes me no trouble, except to ask for fire in the morning, which it is no trouble to give. I should think that these people have so much warm weather that they would hail a cool day with joy. But there is more sickness among them in the cool weather than in the warm. To be sure in all weathers they have but a thin cotton cloth wrapped around them, sometimes two cloths, but their shoulders, arms and legs are always bare. But they have used themselves to but scanty clothing. I think their little fevers, chills and colds are due to their huddling together in huts over smoky fires. If they would only walk about in

the fresh air they would get warm. In the cool season, which occurs during the months of June, July and August, fish providently abound, so that the people enjoy a short season of good food; at other times of the year, when they shoot a monkey or hippopotamus, or an elephant, they have a feast of animal food. Some of them, too, keep goats and sheep, and many have chickens. In the dry cool season all the people of the towns assemble on the sand bars or on the banks and fish. They also catch fish by casting seines in deep water and by throwing spears in the tall grasses and rushes along the bank. The sand bars are the places where the fish spawn, and in the latter part of this dry season their semicircular basins dot the sand. These are now high out of the water, but show where there has been good fishing in the early part of the season.

One thing which retards the acceptance of the gospel by these people is the fact that they do not know what true obedience is. In their towns if one is told to do something he does it or not just as he pleases; if he displeases one of his superiors he is whipped when caught, and only escapes a whipping if he hides until the other's wrath cools. Whippings are administered here merely out of revenge, not to improve the offender. The government is patriarchal, therefore the elders are held in great respect, and public opinion accords them obedience by the younger people. The poor slaves are oppressed and made to mind; the influential slaves do about as they please. The latest sensation is the killing of a free girl by a slave boy, which is a great offence. The boy had obtained a gun, which is a possession highly prized. The girls laughed at him and said he could not shoot anything, and one of the girls persisted in teasing him about his gun until he got very angry, and told her he would shoot her, and did shoot her. These people have no control over their tempers. One of them last fall in anger tried to stab Dr. Nassau. It is said there is danger here to the missionaries' lives from this very fact. If a white person, a trader or a missionary or anybody else, were to kill a native accidentally, all the people belonging to the town of the man killed would rise and kill one or more white persons, for they all practice blood revenge. Two sections of a tribe of Fans have thus been alternately decimating one another with guns, one party lying in ambush near the towns of the other and shooting two or three unwary persons and then fleeing. Afterwards, as the people of this tribe are cannibals, the townsmen of the murdered men cook and eat their bodies, at the same time mourning their death. Not one of this tribe has accepted the gospel yet, it is so contrary to all their customs. They cannot accept the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill." They say, "What shall we do when some one kills us?" But they are noble in some respects. They do not practice polyg-

amy, respect the women, do not drink, and do not keep slaves. This Fanwe tribe is the one that Dr. Nassau and Mr. Marling work among. And some of the missionaries propose working among them to the exclusion of the more volatile and soft Mpongwe tribe. But I think that earnest, continued wise work among any tribe will produce a revival. The Fanwe tribe is exceedingly rapacious, and their good qualities seem to be swallowed up in avarice. When a missionary holds a meeting among them, they will not listen long before they will ask him to establish a new trading house, and inquire why he does not trade more. But the Galwa tribe is glad to receive visits from the missionaries, and listen attentively and sometimes ask earnest questions, and often show their gratitude by presents of chickens or plantain, etc.

The working force of this mission is not adequate to the needs of the people. When there is but one missionary in a station, all his time is taken up with hiring workmen and overseeing them, buying their food, holding the prayer-meetings in the station and with preaching on Sunday. When there are two missionaries, one can leave the station and make journeys. And the greater part of this people cannot be reached except by long journeys, and then not often. If there is a school in the mission, it takes all the time of one or more missionaries to attend to it. Moreover the best men and women in the world are needed, for only the best men and women will have the requisite patience and tact to reach this people, who are suspicious of all foreigners. And only the best men and women will know how wisely to answer the objections of this heathen people to the gospel. For these heathen Africans are men and women who are keen sighted enough to see through narrow-mindedness, and moreover they have sharpened their wits by trade to use them in the service of Satan, and only consecrated men and women will ever wield an influence over them. I thank you very much for the pictures so kindly collected by you for my work. I have given a few away to casual visitors, but shall keep most of them to distribute when I make town visits this coming dry season. I shall print texts of Scripture in the Mpongwe language on the back of the cards for those who can read. I received a package of scrap pictures and cards from a band in Marquette. I am very happy to be remembered by the children. I always loved children and always shall love them, even these heathen children, whose heathenism often crops out in most aggravating ways.

A NEPHEW of the king of Corea, a son of its prime minister, and the son of a military mandarin, have entered the Southern Methodist College at Shanghai, China.—*American Messenger.*

IMPROVEMENTS AT PANHALLA.

Among the special objects for which contributions were asked last year was this item, "Repairs at Panhala $3000." Doubtless this seemed to many people a large sum of money to be expended upon a not very interesting object; but the following extract from a recent letter from Mrs. Ferris shows how necessary to the health and comfort of the missionaries these repairs were. We venture to say that those who read the warm expressions of gratitude, and who did not contribute to this object, will wish that they had borne some share in affording the comforts which have called forth these expressions:

I wish I could tell you and the good generous friends who have contributed of their means for the repairs of our bungalow, how very much more comfortable we are for their kindness.

Let me tell you what the old bungalow was like. All the walls were of unbaked brick plastered over with mud, which necessitated the use of "hay chuppers" to keep the walls from being washed away during our four months of rain, from June 1. The wood in the roof was very unsound from the ravages of the white ants. The result of this and the use of the common tile made it needful that the roof be made over each year. This resulted in our having to take down, wash and retie the ceilings of cloth. The old roof was so open that at times when we had very heavy winds the motion of the ceiling suggested the briny deep. The sifting down of dust at these times added not a little to our discomfort. The "chuppers," as you know, are made of a frame of bamboo over which hay is laid; this is fastened by other bamboos tied over, and these extend from the ground to the roof. They were very unhealthy on account of the continual dampness, resulting in the decomposition of the hay and a very disagreeable odor. They also served as attractive hiding-places for snakes, scorpions and rats; then too the white ants found that they made an easy way to climb to the roof.

Our situation is very delightful, the finest in the fort. Beautiful shade trees, fine air and a grand view of the valleys below make us the envy of those who come here for the hot season; but we had no means of ventilating our rooms, save by leaving an outside door open at night. I confess to being too great a coward to sleep with open doors after panthers had been seen many times on our grounds. One morning we even found the footprints of one on our veranda where it had tried to get in, I suppose, for our little baby, who had cried in the night. We had no fire-arms then, but my husband is better prepared to give a bullet if one should come now.

I referred to the excessive dampness here during the *monsoon*. True, rain is usually wet, and we could put up with our seventy inches of rainfall if the sun would occasionally dry things off; but we are in the clouds during the monsoon, so when there is no rain

we are in a thick fog or mist, consequently that wet horrible hay kept as bad as ever.

Now I want to tell you of some of the comforts which we enjoy through the kindness of many unknown friends. Where shall I begin to tell of the improvements? We asked for an appropriation from the Board to put on a corrugated iron roof, to widen a narrow veranda and to make necessary repairs, the last being obligatory, as one wall had commenced to fall, two were cracked and the other bulged badly. This house was built by contract for an English *sahib* from Kolhapur who wished to spend the hot season away from the plains, and only in this sense was it a sanitarium. The work was miserably done, and evidently it was meant only for a temporary dwelling-place. The noise of the contraction and expansion of iron, the possibility of its being carried off by our heavy winds, and the fact that we would feel the heat so much, decided us to use tile instead; not the common round tile we had before, which required frequent relaying, but a large, square, flat kind made by the Basel mission at Mangalore. They would be cooler than iron, require less timber in the roof than the old kind, and when once laid will not have to be relaid for years, some say forever. The tile question settled, then came that of walls. We wanted the exposed walls to be of stone, so as not to require "chuppers." When Panhala fort was finally taken by the English in 1847, the stone battlements, four feet high and two feet thick, which surmounted the whole of the wall were knocked down. These stones are lying where they fell, so my husband secured enough of them to build good stone walls where there were no verandas to protect the mud walls from rain. Next we decided on widening the front of the bungalow and the veranda by about two feet. For the one veranda on the weather side of the house we decided to use corrugated iron for a "chupper," which in the *monsoon* will keep out the mist, and in the hot season may be used as a false veranda by raising it like an awning. As widening the front necessitated raising the roof a little, we secured space for ventilators in all the rooms where they were needed. As a permanent roof would do away with the need of taking down the cloth ceiling every few years, we decided on iron ceilings for all but one or two rooms, where we are to have wood. Though we began work last July, we were delayed a very great deal by the timber from a government saw-mill not coming on time, and when it came we could not secure enough workmen, as there was so much work in Kolhapur. We were often discouraged, but now we consider the bungalow in thorough repair: the poor walls rebuilt, the outside ones of stone, all well plastered with lime and mortar, good ventilators, no leakage, no odor from wet hay, the chance of trouble

from rats and reptiles very small! We are really very cozy and comfortable.

The work is not yet quite finished; there are one or two lime floors to be laid, which must be delayed till the rains are over, the lining of the stones will require a few more weeks, and we wish to add a window or two to the iron, which now shuts out all the light from the front of the house. The inner walls are still of unbaked brick, for it would have taken us beyond the appropriation to tear them down and rebuild of stone. We rebuilt the cracked walls, however, and on top of all there is enough stone and lime to keep out the ants and rats. I may be foolish about the latter, but they are so large and ferocious, and one hears so often of children and even adults being severely bitten, that I like to keep them away. I have written at some length, but thought that the friends at home would like to know just how their money was expended. I hope they will be as well satisfied by my description as we are by our comforts and improvements.

We cannot thank our friends enough for what they have done. We can never repay them, except as we hope that our prayers for them may be answered, that their "bread cast upon the waters" may return to them soon, accompanied by God's blessing and increased a hundred fold.

WHAT HINDU WOMEN THINK.

A LITTLE incident occurred in school one day which will show the curious and low ideas the Hindus have of sin and of God's holiness. This school is in the bazaar, a very public place, and consequently has frequent visitors. One woman who sells parched rice and pulse often comes in and listens to the girls reciting, with evident zest. One day they were repeating the Second Commandment; and as I was asking some questions to see whether they understood it, she interrupted with, "Yes, *it is* right to worship idols, to bow down to them, to serve them," etc. Then she suddenly asked, "*Mem Sahib*, why don't you wear some ornaments?" "Oh," I said, "that is a matter of taste with us; we do not think it essential, as you do." "But," she said, "you ought at least for your salvation to wear a gold necklace or one bracelet, for God will ask you after death how you dressed in this life, and what ornaments you wore."

Before I could answer, one of the teachers, not herself a Christian, who had been quietly listening until now, interrupted with, "Oh, no! He will not ask that; He will ask how we acted in this life, and if we kept His commandments."

The woman seemed quite astonished at this new idea presented to her that sin was something else than wearing or omitting to wear any article of dress or adornment; but the great mass of Hindus have no better idea of sin than this. And the idea of a holy, sin-abhorring God, to use their one idiom, "into their minds, into their thoughts and into their dreams" has not come. A. M. H.

WAS IT A DREAM?

One of our missionaries sends us this bit of personal experience, which is so remarkable and contains so important a lesson that with her permission we give it to our readers:

A few months ago we were out in a Chinese boat for a little trip. One evening, after our four little ones were all asleep, I sat down for a quiet hour of reading, and took up Baxter's "Reformed Pastor." For a week or so I had been enjoying the earlier chapters, and now turned to the one on Pride, which made a deep impression upon my mind. Later my husband and myself spread our bedding upon the floor and lay down to rest. But soon the scene changed, and I had been transported to heaven, with the experiences of the Judgment Day passing before my eyes. An indescribable quiet and halo of glory most impressed me as I stood on the margin of an innumerable company, near a large open space, where occurred the incidents I wish to describe. I seemed to know that the throne of God was not far distant, and that among the heavenly hosts were those I loved; but I was conscious that I had not come to remain with them, and my whole interest centred in the area before me. I knew too that not only I, but all the dwellers in heaven and even God Himself, were watching with me those wonderful scenes.

Before us had risen a building which was made up of the actions, thoughts and words of a life, and beside it stood the person whose life it represented. In very conspicuous places were large bundles of good deeds. Indeed so many and so large were these that I felt a thrill of pleasure for the person standing there, and was surprised on looking at him, and then upon the faces of those near me, to see no pride or exultation, nothing but a most profound expectancy. As I wondered at this, the structure was in a blaze, and from the many places where had been the good deeds, the person himself appeared. Here, there, everywhere, he was visible; sometimes pushing himself almost entirely out of the fire, trying by every possible movement and contortion to make himself seen. It was perfectly evident that he did not fear the fire, but his every motion said, *Here am I, look at me.* The mass

blazed on and soon was all consumed. Only a few ashes remained, through which, however, glimmered a foundation of solid gold. The man quickly passed me to retake his position among the heavenly throng, and I thought "How ashamed he must be;" but no one upbraided him, though there was a sorrow that could be felt in the very air of heaven. All attention was soon turned upon the same spot again, where had risen another building much smaller than the first, and this too was soon ablaze. The person of whose life-deeds it was composed was standing beside it, and I remember how sorry I felt for him that his life seemed to have amounted to so little. But as the fire burned on, the pile became a mass of burnished gold, and really seemed to increase in size and beauty as the flame became hotter. Then the fire died away, having accomplished its work, leaving gold and precious stones in such loveliness of arrangement as only heaven itself could furnish. I looked for a proud, exultant bearing as this man passed by me; but he took his way as modestly and humbly as the other, though a shout of joy and praise rose from the myriads about me—praise, not to him, but to the Son of God—and then a joy that could be felt took possession of us all.

And now pile after pile rose in quick succession, by each one of which the person whose life it represented immediately appeared, and then the fire applied its test. Larger or smaller as the building might be, I soon learned not to judge its real worth from its first appearance. The saddest part of the test was the burning of those deeds which were done to be seen of men, when the doer, by all possible contortions, strove to show himself in the burning mass. Often a small, unpretending structure loomed up into beautiful proportions as the fire burned on, and stood afterwards a grand testimony to the grace of God. Often a large, imposing mass of seeming good works showed, on the test of the fire, only the deformities of the doer of them, and at last there would remain little or nothing of it all. The golden foundation, however, was always there, and shimmered under the edges of the golden masses or gleamed through the remaining ashes with no change. Suddenly an edifice arose, in size and splendor far exceeding any of the others; I gazed anxiously to see what the fire would work on this, but just as it blazed up I was carried away.

"Go back to earth, and remember," and then I was in the same little Chinese boat, wide awake. For days the reality of all this so impressed me that I felt as if I were living a different life, and those five wonderful verses in the third chapter of 1 Corinthians seemed to me a living voice:

"For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.

"Now if any man build upon this foundation gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble;

"Every man's work shall be made manifest: for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is.

"If any man's work abide which he hath built thereupon, he shall receive a reward.

"If any man's work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss: but he himself shall be saved; yet so as by fire."

Mrs. J. Newton Hayes, of Soochow, wrote from North China while spending the summer there:

"There is a pleasant little company of missionaries here in Tungchow, six southern Baptists and five northern Presbyterians. One of our ladies lives in an old Buddhist temple; there are three buildings belonging to it. The one in front she uses for street-preaching, the middle one she lives in, and to the building in the rear, where they kept the most precious images, all the gods from the other two have been removed. The temple was a wonderful place to me. Opposite the two front doors are three images nearly twice the size of an ordinary man, representing the present, the past and the future Buddhas. There are two life-size waiters to each one, and three judges in front of them, also nine judges with such hideous faces, on either side of the temple. These buildings are about two hundred years old."

Mrs. A. E. W. Robertson, of the Creek mission, acknowledging the receipt of a gift which she intended to use for the Bible work, writes, "I am waiting to hear from the American Tract Society what they can do for this people in republishing the tract 'I will go to Jesus,' and my Sabbath-School Song Book (sixty-six songs in Creek and two in English, mostly from Gospel Songs), and putting up those already printed of 'Come to Jesus,' by Newman Hall, in Creek. I tried to write an urgent plea, for my heart was full. I had been among some of the Creeks from the more neglected part of the nation, and had wanted the tracts so much.

"I expect to go this week to my second daughter, Alice, to Okmulgee, the capital, where she will teach a day school, and I shall have opportunity of seeing more of the people than hitherto."

Our readers will please notice this change. The P. O. address of Mrs. Robertson will hereafter be Okmulgee, Indian Territory.

"SUCH A SPLENDID WAY OF DYING."

MISSIONARIES in Japan are beginning to use with effect the argument in favor of Christianity to be drawn from the changed lives and happy deaths of Christians. They do not hesitate to affirm openly that heathen religions have no such power.

Many instances are occurring to convince the people of the truth of the statement.

One of these—a woman whose home was in the house of the head man of the village—sickened and died early last month, and her death was so serene and happy as to have made quite a profound impression on the community. "How is this," people asked, "that without even naming an idol, one can have such a happy death?" literally, *such a splendid way of dying.* The Buddhist priest of the village was aroused, and protested against the introduction of the "foreign religion," especially into the very house of the head man of the village. The latter replied that he was not a Christian, but that a religion which did so much for one in this life, and give such a promise for the life to come, could not be *very* bad.—*Dr. Gordon, Kioto.*

WHEN the indomitable and patient Moffat appealed for sympathy in his discouragement in Bechuana land to his true and noble-hearted wife—"Mary, this is hard work; think how long we have been preaching to this people and no fruits yet appear"—she replied, "The gospel has not been preached to them *in their own tongue wherein they were born.*"

"From that hour," says Moffat, "I gave myself with untiring diligence to the acquisition of the language." The missionary's subsequent success justified his counsellor's encouraging prediction. And so it has ever been and ever must be. From the day of Pentecost, when the assembled nations heard from the inspired apostles, each in their own tongue, the wonderful works of God, to that still more glorious time when the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea, the heathen to be thoroughly and convincingly evangelized, root and branch, must have the gospel brought home to them in their own language and by their own people.—*Indian Female Evangelist.*

IF I am building a mountain and stop before the last basketful of earth is placed on the summit, I have failed of my work; but if I have placed but one basketful on the plain and go on, I am really building a mountain.—*Extract from the Chinese Analectics.*

SIDE LIGHTS ON MISSION WORK.

Since 1872 the increase of native Christians in Bengal has been at the rate of 64.07 per cent.

Last year the number of converts for each minister in the United States was seven; in Asia it was ten times seven for each missionary.

It is said that the work of evangelization in Norway is going forward at this time with special interest, the country being open everywhere to the reception of the truth.

The Moravians were the first to preach the gospel to the natives of the West Indies. The work was begun in 1732, and at the centenary celebration of the mission in 1832 it was stated that 307 missionaries had been in the field, and nearly 20,000 negroes had died in the faith.

Max Muller says that of the world's great religions three are non-missionary, Judaism, Brahminism and Zoroastrianism. Buddhism, Mohammedanism and Christianity are noted for their zeal in propagating their doctrine. Of these, two are now stationary, perhaps even on the decline, Christianity alone going forth conquering and to conquer with ever-increasing life and power, "and its survival will be that of the fittest."

A reformer named Joseph Rabinovitch has caused great excitement among the Jews of southern Russia. He is preaching with great power, declaring Christ to be the Messiah, and supporting his claim by many quotations from the Old Testament Scriptures. He is gaining many proselytes, though strongly opposed by the Jewish press.

The new Morning Star has been completed and is now ready to go forth upon her mission of love and mercy.

Through the efforts of the missionaries of New Zealand a most beneficial change has been wrought upon the country and its people. Christianity has brought the people out of their cannibalism and degradation, and started them forward upon the high road to civilization, of which their railroads and telegraph lines testify.

A fresh expedition has been fitted out by the German-African Society to make a complete survey of the valley of the Congo.

An effort to reach the masses of the people with gospel truth has been started in Germany. Bible readers have been appointed and arrangements made for preaching services in public halls. Several eminent men have given their interest to the movement.

Paley's "Evidences" have been translated into the Telugu language by a missionary for the benefit of the Telugu theological students, who are poorly supplied with this kind of literature. Many of these students study in their own homes many miles from their tutors, to whom they go at stated periods for instruction and examination.

Rev. George Hill makes this statement, which is worthy of note, that notwithstanding the theories regarding the origin of mankind, there has not yet been found on the face of the earth a nation or tribe so degraded as to be beyond the reach of the gospel, or whose language is incapable of receiving a translation of the word of God.

For the Young People.

MOUNT LEBANON FLORA.

MARCH and April here are the months for buds and blossoms and fresh foliage. We wish that some of the young ladies who are members of bands working for Syria could enjoy with us the profusion of the Mount Lebanon flowers at this season. The Arabs say, "The world is a bride," and truly it is adorned. Nature begins with the first sunny days of spring to deck the terraces, literally carpeting many of them with marigolds and daisies, and little blue flowers and pink flowers whose names we do not know in English. Following these is a long train in which are many favorites cultivated in America, such as the narcissus and honeysuckle, tulips, hyacinths and cyclamens. The latter are made more beautiful than any seen in a greenhouse, by the pretty way in which they grow in terrace walls, in the crevices of rocks, in knotholes in old olive-trees, and other crannies where there is barely earth enough to sustain them. The leaves are almost as beautiful as the flowers, figured and mottled in different shades of green. No two bulbs bear leaves alike. Often have we searched in vain to match them.

Besides these are the scarlet and the purple anemones, which some think are the "lilies" Christ bade us "consider," and surely not "even Solomon" was ever "arrayed" in such royal colors. Sometimes these are nearly as large as tulips, though usually smaller, and they are as common by the wayside as dandelions in New England.

Then come the orchids with their singular shapes, and very interesting they are to examine. Of these we have found no less than fifteen species in our immediate vicinity. One variety looks so like a bee that on first seeing it one instinctively takes a second look before plucking it. Another has in miniature the head and bill of a bird. In others still the flowers surround the stems in clusters, looking like tiny fairies with wings.

Delicate peas of a dozen kinds appear in yellows and purples and pink. The wheat fields are gay as gardens with gladiolus, ranunculus and poppies, and many bright smaller flowers, among which is the scarlet Adonis, fabled to have been dyed in the blood of Venus' favorite. Large, showy callas, nearly black, and others spotted, grow by the wayside and among the rocks. Choice ferns are found in damp places and in sheltered nooks in the valleys.

These lovely flowers are a source of great pleasure to us in our late afternoon walks, when we get out to "smell the air," as the people say, and as we come home with our hands full of them for

our vases we feel they have refreshed us and helped us forget whatever has tried us through the day.

GARDEN PARTIES IN PERSIA.

Garden parties are often given by Persians, and are as enjoyable a form of entertainment as may be. An invitation to one is generally given without any preparation, as during the paying of a call; it is accepted and an immediate start is made. A few carpets and pillows are rolled up and placed on a mule, with the *samovar*, or Russian urn, in its leather case, and the tea equipage in its travelling box. The cook on his pony takes this whole outfit and hurries to the garden indicated by his master, probably buying a lamb and a couple of fowls as he passes through the bazaar. The entertainer, his wife and children too, if we are very intimate, the former on his horse, the latter astride on white donkeys, proceed at a leisurely pace in the direction of the garden, while the servants, all smiles, for they enjoy the outing as much as the family, accompany them on foot or horseback, carrying water pipes, umbrellas and odds and ends.

On reaching the garden, fruit is eaten, then the whole party roam unrestricted among the shady paths while tea is prepared. This is partaken of, and then a musician or a singer, or perhaps a story-teller, makes his appearance and diverts us all; or some servant who has a good voice sings or plays on a flute. Often a grave and reverend merchant will produce a *taro*, a sort of lute, or a *santoor*, a kind of harmonica, and astonish us with really good Eastern music. In these thoroughly family parties wine or spirits are never used. Chess and backgammon are constantly played for a nominal stake of a lamb or a fat pullet.

The party is collected on a raised *dais* in the open air, and sit on carpets or lean on pillows. Candles are lighted in the *lallahs*, or Russian candle-lamps; these are convenient, as they are not extinguished by the wind. At about nine o'clock dinner is brought, after innumerable *kalians*, or water pipes, have been smoked. This meal is eaten in comparative silence; host, guest, wife and children all sit around the leathern sheet which represents a table, and dipping their hand in the platters. At about ten o'clock all retire. The bedding of each is spread in a separate nook on one's own carpet—all of course in the open air—and at dawn one smokes a pipe, drinks a little cup of black coffee, and takes one's leave.

Our host and his guests go about their business, while the women and children and servants generally breakfast in the garden, and return home together in the cool of the evening, bringing back fruit and huge bouquets of the moss rose with them.—*The Land of the Lion and the Sun.*

THOUGH it is always duty to be doing the work of an evangelist, it is a duty entirely dependent upon the prior one of "living in the Spirit." It is a fearful sin to be going through the world with a light kindled by the Holy Ghost to guide sinners to Jesus, and yet carry this as a dark lantern which can give no benefit to any one. But ah! how vain is it, on the other hand, to hold up a lamp to one when the light is almost out and the oil is nearly done! May I always be like a lamp full of oil (the Holy Spirit), burning brightly with the love of Christ, and guiding those that are in darkness to the strait gate and narrow way that leadeth unto life!—*William C. Burns.*

At Home.

THE BAPTISMAL OFFERING.

THEY brought their darling to the church, in faith and hope and joy,
To consecrate with solemn rite the precious baby-boy;
To name him there before the Lord, their fathers' God and theirs,
The name itself a token of his heritage of prayers.
Oh, blessed scene, in God's own house, that lovely Sabbath day—
Are there no contrasts dark and sad in countries far away?

The service o'er, the baby coos and smiles in glad surprise;
The parents' hearts outrun the hour, and mingled thoughts arise.
The mother turns—a silver gift she beareth in her hand,
"Baptismal offerings," low she says, "for the Infant Mission Band."
The "baby-money," month by month, has all been duly paid,
But this far larger gift to-day in grateful love is made.

O dusky mothers, clasping close your darlings, knowing not
How life or death for you or them can change your hopeless lot,
'Tis thus in prayers and offerings mute the heart goes out to you.
Could you know what this service means, your children share it too!
Ah, fitting tribute for the day, rich treasure laid in store,
May offerings such as this increase and multiply yet more! J. H. J.

WOMEN AT EASE.

BY ELIZA GILBERT HURD.

"RISE up, ye women that are at ease; hear my voice, ye careless daughters; give ear unto my speech.

"Many days and years shall ye be troubled, ye careless women: for the vintage shall fail, the gathering shall not come.

"Tremble, ye women that are at ease; be troubled, ye careless ones: strip you, and make you bare, and gird sackcloth upon your loins." (Isa. xxxii. 9–11.)

In God's appeal through the prophet Isaiah to his people He

portrays in beautiful metaphors the blessings of His kingdom, and immediately follows with a description of its desolation, opening with the above commands to women. In this era of "white harvests" and few laborers, let us ask the question, where are the women at ease, and is there any cause for them to tremble? Is it not you, and you, and I? We sit in our softly-cushioned pews and hear the notice read of the monthly meeting of the Ladies' Missionary Society, and complacently fold our hands with duty done. We think that we have sent in our annual dollar as membership, and that our church is fortunate in having several mothers in Israel to attend the meetings, and that really we have no time, not one hour a month to devote to saving souls, for there is the dress-maker, and the Kensington, painting or music.

"What do you want me to go for?" asks one.

"For information, and then when interested you will like to come," was the reply.

"I'm not so ignorant; I read much about missions."

"Come and tell us what you read; it is just what we need."

"Oh, I couldn't do that; I wasn't cut out for a speaker."

And so with a thousand excuses we sit at ease, thus losing the blessing of helping to build up Christ's kingdom. Those commands, "Rise up," "Give ear," "Tremble," "Be troubled," are echoing and re-echoing up and down the land and at the door of our hearts; if we listened we should hear the still small voice of the Master asking, "What hast thou done for Me?"

HOW SHALL WE INTEREST THE SABBATH-SCHOOLS IN MISSIONS?

Missionary work in Sabbath-schools seems to be one of the present subjects of thought and inquiry among workers in the church. As I have been for a little time in close connection with this work, and have received a number of inquiries about it, I would like to give, through the pages of *Woman's Work*, some suggestions which may be helpful to others. It is scarcely probable that any rules or directions can be given which will fit in every place. There is such a difference in the degree of intelligence and interest in different schools, in the size, in the status of missionary work in the churches to which they belong, and in other points of capacity that only elastic rules can be of much value.

If an organization of the school into a mission band is thought best, that may do very well. A less complicated plan is to have a quarterly missionary lesson, conducted by the pastor and superintendent, or by either, and so arranged as to give each class some part. If there are mission bands they can have their parts under

this arrangement. The lesson can be prepared by the superintendent, a committee or an individual, as circumstances may make convenient and appropriate, or the exercises prepared by the Board can be used. Mite-boxes or envelopes can be distributed at the beginning of each quarter, and opened on missionary day, so that the regular contributions of the school need not be disarranged. As an illustration of this plan, I will give a sketch of our lesson for the last Sabbath of June. The subject is Sowing and Reaping. First is a responsive reading of Mark iv. 1–20, led by the superintendent, singing and prayer. Then follows a summary of the points of the lesson, given by the whole school in answer to questions asked by the pastor.

"The field is the world." "The seed is the word of God." The *sowing* of the seed is the work of the church. The *growth* of the seed and the *harvest* are certain. The blessing is from God. In the *end*, those who sow and those who reap shall rejoice together.

These points or subdivisions of them are given to different classes to elaborate in a style suited to their age, intelligence, etc.; for example, "The field is the world." Is it all to be cultivated? Tell something of its extent; name some of the large countries, islands, etc. What is the population? How many of the people are Christians? Is the field ready? What cry is coming to us from Japan and Mexico?

"The seed is the word of God." Who is to sow it? How? When? Where? What preparations have been made for this sowing? The translation of the word of God into 226 different languages, the establishment of Sunday-schools to plant the truth in the hearts of the young. Where were they first established? For what purpose? How many are now in the Sabbath-schools of the world? (14,000,000.) Are they fruitful fields?

What is the church doing in this work? Are the growth of the seed and the harvest sure? Isa. lv. 10, 11; Ps. cxxvi. 5; Ps. lxxii. 16, 17. Who sends the blessing? Isa. lxi. 11; 1 Cor. iii. 6. To what is the life-giving power of God compared? Ezek. xxxiv. 26; Ps. lxxii. 6; Hosea vi. 3; Isa. xliv. 3–5. Is the rejoicing certain? Who shall rejoice? John iv. 36. Is there any rejoicing for idlers? Is there room for more workers? It is now as in the time of Christ. Matt. ix. 36–39. When will the great harvest time be? Matt. xiii. 41, 43. (This part can be used as a general exercise, or divided among the classes.) What does God expect of us in whose hearts the seed of truth has been planted and watered with showers of divine grace? *He expects us to bear much fruit.* How can we bear fruit? By serving God ourselves and by sending a knowledge of His gospel to others.

If we have received the word into good and honest hearts, what will be some of the fruits shown in our lives? We will love God, we will study His word, we will keep His Sabbaths, we will love His house, we will love His people, we will obey His commands, we will help to send His gospel to all the world, we will pray for the outpouring of His Spirit upon ourselves and upon all the world. Sing hymn 608 of Hymnal and follow with recitations by infant class.

The second part consists of a missionary lesson upon Mexico. Have a map drawn upon the blackboard and explained by one of the boys or girls. The small missionary atlas published by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society will furnish models for these. Then have such items upon the country, the resources, political condition, points of historical interest, mission work in the different parts, and such other items as the boys and girls and the teachers may be able and disposed to give. Follow all with a few remarks upon the importance of the work there and the encouragements in it. Open the mite-boxes or envelopes or take up the collection, and close with prayer for a blessing upon the work, and upon the gifts which have just been made to help carry on the work.

M. E. L.

SHOWING OUR FAITH BY OUR WORKS, OR OUR SHARE IN CHRISTIAN GIVING.

A paper read before the Women's Presbyterial Missionary Society of West Virginia Presbytery, by Mrs. C. D. Merrick, Parkersburg, West Virginia.

CHRISTIAN life is so simple in its way, and God so other than we think, that many souls go mourning all their days from a false notion of what constitutes Christian faith and living. Failing to enter as a little child, they fail to enter at all, or come at last, all other aid cut off, to accept God's simple way; and in losing their own will find it indeed, since in obedience to Him comes rest to us. Nor is this difficulty alone peculiar to the unconverted, or to the threshold of Christian life; it is thus all through life. We seem ever learning and yet never quite ready to trust God to care for us wholly, always learning that in losing our will we find something better. It is easier to do any material work than the inwardly righteous act. We go to church, but how often do we worship? We read chapter after chapter; is our inward ear quicker or the eye of faith clearer for the effort? Is our grace before meat always an act of devotion? We may make beautiful prayers, but do they relieve our pent-up souls and help another soul God's love to know?

It was a true saying of a missionary friend, who was worn with nervous exhaustion, "I cannot pray at times. It takes strength to pray." To pray commensurate with the needs of our daily life is to indeed bring ourselves near unto the truth. To how many of us does prayer mean first our needs, then our words? Far oftener it is the lifeless words which make our prayer. It seems to us that the evil consequences of observing the outward forms without the inward spirit are summed up by that grand old prophet of Israel in the fifty-eighth chapter of Isaiah:

"Wherefore have we fasted, say they, and thou seest not? wherefore have we afflicted our soul, and thou takest no knowledge? Behold, in the day of your fast ye find pleasure, and exact all your labors.

"Is it such a fast that I have chosen? a day for a man to afflict his soul? is it to bow down his head as a bulrush, and to spread sackcloth and ashes under him? wilt thou call this a fast, and an acceptable day to the Lord?

"Is not this the fast that I have chosen? to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke?

"Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house?"

And if we in truth keep such a fast, then God tells us He will guide us continually, and "satisfy us in drought, and make fat our bones, and we shall be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water whose waters fail not." We think in all this that there may be a note of warning for us. Are we offering effectual prayers for this missionary work? While we pray and work and give, and that too it may be at some personal inconvenience, are we working at heart in a line with these prayers? Are we asking God to lead our children, our brothers, our sisters, ourselves, into paths which shall lead into this service? Are we training them towards these paths? Are we holding up to them the joy of carrying comfort to Christless souls? or the glory of such lives as David Livingstone's, Samuel Rhea's, Mrs. Judson's and of later times Mary Campbell's?

A recent General Assembly, and an Episcopal convocation last September, have both expressed a regret at the large decrease in the applicants for the ministry.

Our theological seminaries feed our mission fields, and it seems to us that if other professions are emphasized to the exclusion of the ministry, we are praying "Thy kingdom come," and working to please ourselves. Or if we have no son or brother to go, let us as Christian women draw near to this question ourselves. Take any trial in your life, and wherever you are in that experience, con-

sider what it would be to be without God, then let us shut our eyes and try like Hope Divine "to be there" in the place of some human soul we have never seen. Let us consider that other mothers have empty arms and disappointed hopes and overburdened lives; that other wives have aspirations and broken hearts; that other women with hearts and brains as good as ours by creation are cramped in the zenana life with all its sensualities and puerilities; that childhood is missing its joy; that moral and intellectual growth is cramped more than a Chinawoman's foot, and for all these evils there is a help could they only know it. In the language of another, "God does not value the making of ourselves miserable; but He does value the making of others happy." On this thought I hope we may dwell until out of it shall come the fruit, the giving or doing of *whatsoever* He saith unto us.

THE edition of *Children's Work* for October is by far the largest that has yet been issued. We trust that all the surplus copies will be put into circulation, and that before the end of the year we shall be able to report encouraging results from this "seed sowing." Those who wish to have samples sent to individuals may do so by sending the address to this office; schools and bands may be supplied at the rate of two cents per copy. Will not some of our readers make an effort to have the magazine placed in their own school or band for the remainder of the year? The experiment will not be a costly one, only at the rate of $6.25 per one hundred copies for three months. In this connection we would state that schools finding it more convenient to send quarterly subscriptions are at perfect liberty to do so.

W. F. M. S. of the Presbyterian Church.

1334 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

SUBJECT FOR PRAYER-MEETING.

ASSEMBLY ROOM, OCTOBER 21, 1884, 12 M.

PERSIA.—*Text:* "And they shall build the old wastes."

Theme for Scripture Reading: Christian liberality (Matt. x. 8, last clause).

NEW LIFE MEMBERS.

Mrs. J. P. Barber, Dillsburg, Pa.
Rev. A. B. Marshall, New Lisbon, O.
Mrs. Margaret E. Robertson, New Lisbon, O.

NEW BANDS.

Lewinsville, Va., Cheerful Workers.
Orange, N. J., Central Church, Earnest Workers.

Receipts of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church, from Aug. 1, 1884.

[PRESBYTERIES IN SMALL CAPITALS.]

BALTIMORE. — Churchville, S. S., add'l, Chieng Mai hosp., 1 25

CLEVELAND.—Woodland Ave. Ch., Sarah Adams Bd., Chieng Mai hosp., 26 25

ELIZABETH. — Elizabethport, Bd., Cheerful Givers, Gaboon Mission, 19; Lamington Aux., 44 90; Westfield Aux., miss'y, 45. 108 90

KITTANNING. — Homer City, Bd., King's Gardeners, Chieng Mai hosp., 4; Saltsburg Aux., Bogota sch., 30. 34 00

LACKAWANNA.—Scranton, Bd., Loving Lilies of the Field, Chieng Mai hosp., 3 00

LEHIGH.—Allentown, Bd., Chieng Mai hosp., add'l, 25 cts.; Mauch Chunk, S. S., Chieng Mai hosp., add'l, 50 cts.; Pottsville, 2d, S. S., Chieng Mai hosp., 2. 2 75

MAHONING.—New Lisbon Aux., tea. India, 50, G. F. 38, Y. L. Bd., Chieng Mai hosp., 20; Poland, Chieng Mai hosp., 5 25, Aux. Soc., miss'y Bogota, 12 50, work among Indians, 16 70, Y. L. B., G. F., 25; Vienna, S. S., Chieng Mai hosp., 5; Youngstown, 1st, Aux., Mexico, 49 51. 221 33

MORRIS AND ORANGE.—Morristown, Stevenson Bd., Chieng Mai hosp., 8 60; Orange, 1st, Aux., Sao Paulo, 150; Orange, Central Aux., miss'y, 240. 398 69

NEWARK.—Hanover, S. S., Chieng Mai hosp., 8 35

NEW BRUNSWICK.—Hopewell, Bd., Gleaners, Chieng Mai hosp., 4 25

NEW CASTLE.—St. George's, S. S., Chieng Mai hosp., 18 56

NORTH PACIFIC BRANCH.—Portland, Or., 1st Ch. Aux., 55 80

NORTHUMBERLAND.—Jersey Shore, S. S., add'l, Chieng Mai hosp., 2; Williamsport, 3d Ch. S. S., for Chieng Mai hosp., 9 50. 11 50

PHILADELPHIA CENTRAL.—Arch St. Aux., 10 per cent., add'l, Chieng Mai hosp., 10 00

PHILADELPHIA NORTH. — Abington Ch., a few ladies for tr. sch. Japan, 27, S. S., contribution Children's Day, Chieng Mai hosp., 26, Willow Grove Mission, Children's Day, Chieng Mai hosp., 7 75; Ashburn Aux., 1 75, Doylestown Aux., 35, Andrews Bd., sch'p China, 15; Frankford, Hermon Aux., 20; Germantown, 2d, Aux., sch'p California, 36; Market Square S. S., Bd., Chieng Mai hosp., 100; Wakefield, Bd., Grains of Wheat, Africa, 8; Grace Aux., Futtehgurh, 30; Providence Ch., Hopeful Bd., Aux. to Pastor's Aid by mission quilt, 42 45. 348 95

PITTSBURGH AND ALLEGHENY COM.—Hoboken Aux., Chieng Mai hosp., 25 00

ST. CLAIRSVILLE.—Cadiz, Heart and Hand Bd., Chieng Mai hosp., 4 00

SHENANGO. — Neshannock Aux., miss'y, 36 00

SYRACUSE.—Skaneateles Aux., sch'p Dehra, 40, Seneca Mission, 5, G. F., 10 50. 55 50

WASHINGTON, D. C.—West St., S. S., Chieng Mai hosp., 50 00

WEST JERSEY.—Bridgeton, West Ch., 3, Deerfield, Effie Bd., 10, both for Chieng Mai hosp., 13 00

WESTMINSTER. — Moneghan Aux., Dillsburg, work Chili, 25 00

MISCELLANEOUS.—K., special, 25; M. E. B., Bridgeport, O., 2; S. D. Ferguson and sister, Uniontown, Md., 2; A friend, Anderson, O., for Medical Missions, 30; Mrs. A. C. Reed, Manchester, Vt., tea., Tokio, Japan, 140; *For Chieng Mai Hospital.*—Phila., S. F., 2; Cara Strong, Asheville, N. C., 25 cts.; sale of Historical Sketches and Leaflets, 24 33. 225 58

Total for August, 1884,	$1,687 66
Previously acknowledged,	15,488 07
Total from May 1, 1884,	$17,175 73

The "Handful of Corn Band," Baltimore, Md., have forwarded a box of dolls for a school under the care of Mrs. John Butler, China. The "Idaho Band," Hagerstown, Md., have forwarded a box for Miss S. L. McBeth's work among the Nez Perces Indians, value $190.

Sept. 1, 1884.

MRS. JULIA M. FISHBURN, *Treasurer*,
1334 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

W. P. B. M. of the Northwest.

ROOM 48, MCCORMICK BLOCK, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

TO BE READ AT THE MONTHLY MEETINGS IN OCTOBER.

Psalm xxxvii. 1–31. *Golden Text for the Month.*—Psalm i. 3.

NEW LIFE MEMBERS.

Mrs. A. Bergen, Franklin, Ind.
Mrs. Elizabeth J. Deming, Granville, O.
Mrs. E. H. Hadley, Crawfordsville, Ind.

NEW AUXILIARIES.

Angus, Minn.; S. S. Mission Bd.
Beaulieu, Dakota.
Euclid, Minn.; S. S. Mission Bd.
Hyde Park, Dakota.
Omaha, Neb., Castelar Mission.
Stephen, Minn., Tamarac Ch.; Tamarac Mission Bd.
Walkerton, Ind.
Warren, Minn.; S. S. Mission Bd.

Receipts of the Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions of the Northwest, to August 20, 1884.

[PRESBYTERIES IN SMALL CAPITALS.]

ALTON.—Alton, 9 70; S. S., 10 32; Bethel, 12 50; Blair, 5; Brighton, 7 35; Carlyle, Children's Bd., 3 90; Hillsboro', 5 45; Cheerful Workers, 9 70; Jerseyville, 2; Litchfield, 5 35; S. S., 4 85; Nokomis, Bd., 9 70; Rockwood, 14 55; Sparta, Boys' Bd., 9 70. 110 07

BELLEFONTAINE.—Crestline, 3; sal. Miss Hartwell, 6 30; Kenton, 20 per cent., 15. 24 30

CAIRO.—Salem, Laos hosp., 3 75

CENTRAL DAKOTA.—Huron, 25 00

CHICAGO.—Chicago, 1st, 28 25; 5th, Rosebud Bd., Laos hosp., 75 cts.; 6th, 35; Evanston, S. S., Syrian sch., 20; Kankakee, Y. P. S., Laos hosp., 34; Lake Forest, 150; Mrs. W. H. Ferry, 50; Y. P. S., 13 66; Steady Streams, 12. 343 66

COUNCIL BLUFFS. — Clarinda, 12;

Corning, Sac and Fox, 25; Chefoo sch'p, 12 50; Emerson, 3 50, Logan, 2 50, both Sac and Fox; Malvern, S. S., 6 19, Children, 2 50, both Laos hosp.; Red Oak, 6 24; Ningpo sch'p, 6 25; Sac and Fox, 5 63; Pearl Gathcrers, 2 10; S. S., India sch'p, 7 50; Shenandoah, 9 65; S. S., 3. 104 56

Crawfordsville. — Crawfordsville, Centre Ch., 25 00

Dakota.—Woman's Pres. Soc., 3 00

Denver.—Cheyenne, A. G. McLeod, 4 50; Denver, Central Ch. S. S., Laos hosp., 50. 54 50

Des Moines.—Adel, 12 50; Des Moines, 37 50; Dexter, 7 15; Indianola, 6 25; Winterset, 15, all Mexico sal.; Dallas Centre, 2 65. 81 05

Huron.—Fostoria, 16; Norwalk, 13; Sandusky, 11. 40 00

Indianapolis.—Franklin, sal. Mrs. Warren, 37 50; Indianapolis, 2d, sal. Miss Clark, 100. 137 50

Iowa.—Keokuk, Willing Workers, China, 25; Persia, 25; Kossuth, S. S., 15 55; Mediapolis, Osaka bld'g, 40. 105 55

Iowa City.—Davenport, 1st, S. S. and Pansy Bd., Monterey sch'p No. 12, 50 00

Kalamazoo.—Kalamazoo, Mrs. Chandler Richards, Laos hosp., 5 00

Lansing.—Battle Creek, 1st, sal. Mrs. Hayes, 25; North Lansing, Franklin St. Ch., Laos hosp., 6 50. 31 50

Lima.—Ada, 20; Findlay, 15; Mt. Jefferson Ch., 3; Ottawa, 11, all sal. Mrs. Leyenberger; Hardin, Petchaburi sch'p No. 10, 10; Lima, Syrian sch., 27 80. 86 80

Logansport.—Michigan City, S. S., Laos hosp., 25 58

Mattoon.—Assumption, 4 50; Charleston, Gaboon sch'p, 6; Prairie Home, Laos hosp., 10; Taylorville, sal. Miss Calhoun, 12. 32 50

Milwaukee.—Ottawa, 3 35; Somers, S. S., Laos hosp., 6. 9 35

Montana.—Boseman, 12 00

Omaha.—Silver Ridge, Eddie Clark, Laos hosp., 1; St. Helena, mon. con., 2 62; Thank-off., 5; Sale of "missionary calf," 5. 13 62

Ottawa.—Aurora, 9 50; S. S., Amy of India, 6 25; Aux Sable Grove, 4 25; Mendota, 25; Presbytery, 1. 46 00

Rock River.—Aledo, 25; Milan, 8; Peniel Ch., 3; Season, 20, all sal. Mrs. Bergen; Sterling, Bd., Tabriz hosp., 35 cts. 56 35

St. Paul.—Duluth, 12; Litchfield, 5: Children's Bd., 1 09; Minneapolis, Westminster Ch., sal. Mrs. Mateer, 50; Gleaners, sch'p Ningpo, 10; St. Paul, 50; Taylor's Falls, Osaka sch., 5. 133 09

Springfield.—Jacksonville, 1st, S. S., Rio Claro sch'p, 39 67; Central Ch., nat. tea. Syria, 25; Petersburg, sal. Mrs. Corbett, 8 55; Bd., Persian student, 15 13; Pisgah, Laos hosp., 11; Springfield, 2d, Y. L. S., Dehra sch'p, 30; W. M. S., Syrian sch., 25; Virginia, Laos sch'p, 5 15. 159 50

Vincennes.—Vincennes, L. M. N., Laos hosp., 1 00

Waterloo.—Ackley, sal. Miss Pratt, 6; Nevada, Alice B. Mills and S. S. Class, Laos hosp., 3; Whitten, Tabriz hosp., 5. 14 00

Winnebago.—Ft. Howard, S. S., India sch'p, 40 85

Winona.—Owatonna, Mrs. E. Ramsdale, Laos hosp., 1 00

Wisconsin River.—Beaver Dam, 10; Lodi, S. S., hosp., 75 cts. 10 75

Zanesville.—Granville, 25 00

Miscellaneous.—Camp Chase, O., Laos hosp., 28 65; New Carlisle, O., John V. Perrine, 10; Independence, Mo., Laos hosp., 125 (of which 30 is from Southern Pres. Ch. and 25 individual gift); For work among Chinese women, same giver, 25; "T.," part thank-off. for special mercies, for woman's work for woman in India, 5; Societies for publishing of Letter and Report, Alton Pres., 1, Freeport Pres., 1, Rock River Pres., 1, Springfield Pres., 1, Council Bluffs Pres., 2 20, Winnebago Pres., 1 10, Miscellaneous, 2 40 (9 70); Sale of Historical Sketches, 3 67; Leaflets, 27 98; Photographs, 40 cts. 235 40

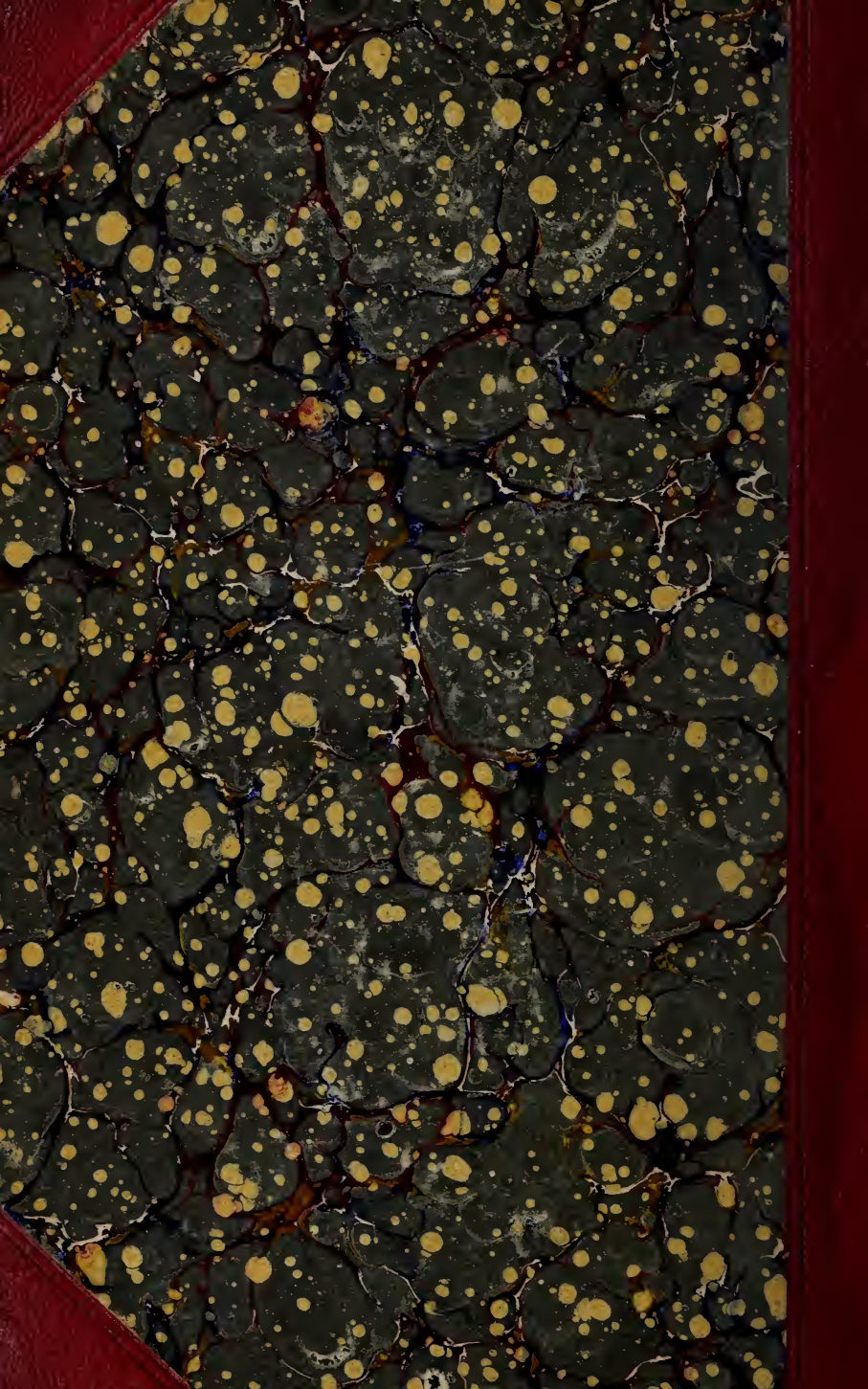
Total for month,	$2,047 23
Previously acknowledged,	6,978 27
From April 23 to Aug. 20,	$9,025 50

Boxes have been received from Minneapolis, Minn. and Oxford, Iowa, for Persia.

Chicago, Ill., *August* 20, 1884.

Mrs. C. B. Farwell, *Treasurer*,
Room 48, McCormick Block.

DATE DUE

GAYLORD

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